VICTORY OVER A RATTLER

MR. SMITH KILLED IT AFTER A LONG AND DESPERATE CONFLICT.

It Chased Chief of Police Grant of Paterson All Over the Mountain Before a

Charge of Shot Blew Off Its Blead. On the desk of Chief of Police Graul of Paterson yesterday there was pinned something that looked like an exaggerated specimen of a dried heigamite. When shaken, it seemed to be filled with dried peas. It was the tall of a rattlesnake.

On Friday afternoon Chief Graul, who had been spending several days fishing with Harry McDougall and others at Greenwood Lake, started out from Billy DeGraw's Lakeside House to hunt up Spencer Smith. Mr. Smith is the proprietor of a high license restaurant in Newark. He had discovered a small lake on top of the mountains back of the Lakeside House. and went there to fish, and invited Chief Grau tojoin him after dinner. As soon as the Chief had smoked his eight he shouldered his rod and

proceeded to climb the mountain.

Although an hour and a half only from New York, the country was as wild and uncivilized as if in the middle of the Rockies. The Chief is a lover of nature, and he enjoyed his climb up rocks. He took pleasure in the partridge that rose so temptingly, at the squirrels and chipmonks that gambolled across the ledges, at the hedgehogs that dodged into their holes, and something enlivening even in the sight of the blacksnakes sunning themselves

sight of the blacksnakes sunning themselves on the rocks. But the Chief drew the line when he suddenly heard a rattle and came across an immense rattlesnake.

His enakeship was ready for a spring. His tail was elevated several inches, and was being waved back and forth violently, so as to make the noise it did. There was that strong cucumbery smell characteristic of rattlers. His head was elevated about four inches and had a wavy motion. The forked tongue shot out like lighting, and from the wide, open mouth could be seen two horrible-looking fangs. Chief Graul is no coward. He has in his twenty-two years' experience on the police force chief Graul is no coward. He has in his twen-ty-two years' experience on the police force tackled all sorts of two-legged dangers, but this was the first time he had ever come into contact with a rattlesnake. One glance was enough. He is a good runner, although 250 pounds avoirdupels. He slid down the moun-tain in less time than it takes to tell it. Then the spirit of sport and conquest took posses-sion of him.

Graul took a roundabout way, and a Chief Graul took a roundabout way, and at last made his way to the top of the mountain. He found that Mr. Smith had discovered that the fishing in the pond was not very good, and was enjoying himself eating some of the wild blackberries that grew plentifully in the neighborhood. He toid Mr. Smith about the snake. Mr. Smith fortunately had taken his gun with him. It was a single-barrelled breech-loading shotgun. They decided to carefully load the weapon and go back in search of the rattle-snake.

shotgun. They decided to carefully load the weapon and go back in search of the rattlemake.

The snake was found. It had not changed its position. At the sound of the two men it had again assumed its menacing attitude. Mr. Smith took careful aim and pulled the trigger. But the gun did not go off. The cartridge was not good. He tried another and mother, but none of the three would explode. Then he and Chief Graul threw some stones at the anake.

The result was a surprise. Instead of running away, as any well-disposed snake would have done under such circumstances, it came straight for them with a bound. Chief Graul and Mr. Smith seampered up the hill again as fast as their legs would carry them. They knew that whiskey was a remedy, but both their flacks were empty, and they relied on their heels. The snake could not get up the rocks as fast as they could, and they beat in the ruce.

Then Mr. Smith carefully picked out what seemed to be a perfect cartridge, and they again returned to look for the snake. They found him colled on the top of a fiat rock. Mr. Smith took another careful aim, and this time the gun want off. The distance, however was too great. The shot scattered, and only one or two struck the rattler on the back without fatally hurting him. This only aroused the snake's anger, and again he turned on his pursuers with a savinge spring. Another race followed. The snake followed them some distance, but they again got away from it.

The gun was again loaded, and the two men crept cautiously toward the spot where the snake was last seen. They moved carefully and watched everything that might resemble anything in the shape of a rattler. At last they discovered the reptile's head sticking out about four inches from underneath a flat rock. They were this time within ten feet of it. The snake saw them and waved his head back and forth and shot his forked tongue from his wide open mouth as before. Mr. Smith had a chance for a careful aim this time. The cartridge was a good one, and when the trigger was pulled

the gun went off. The snake's head was blown to frazmonts.

Chief Graul and Mr. Smith gave a cheer of victory and secured the trophy. They carried it down to the little red barroom of the Lakeside House and placed it on exhibition. On being measured it was found to be 3 feet 10 inches long, and it was nearly 4 inches in diameter in its thickest part. It had seven rattles and a button on its tail. The snake now remains on exhibition at the barroom of Billy De Graw's hotel, but the tail was cut off and brought to Paterson by Chief Graul, where it now is, and will be shown to anyone interested as proof of the story that they did actually kill a rattlespake.

now is, and will be shown to anyone interested as proof of the story that they did actually kill a rattlesnake. Chief Graul says that the day before the son of Justice Jeroloman of New York killed near the same spot a large copperhead, which the neighbors said was one of the largest speci-mens killed in that location in a long while. Young Jeroloman shot it with a small rifle. Young Jeroloman snot it with a sum-Besides the woods around Greenwood Lake being filled with animals, there have all sum-mer hovered over the water and mountains several immense bald-headed eagles. They are partially white. As they are flying, their move-ments are remarkably dignilled and graceful, they are attempts have been made to shoot them with rifles, but in vain.

IT'S A JIM DANDY PLACE.

The Edifying Talk of a New York Boy About Salling Toy Yachta.

In this way the boy of 1888 talks. He was a well-dressed, bright-faced chap of 14. He was carrying a toy yacht and talking to a Sun reporter: "She looks kinder dumpy, but she gits there all the same. I sail her over in Prospect Park Saturdays. We don't use no rudders. We another feller on the other side of the lake to catch her. The other feller he walks up or down the shore, accordin' how the wind is, so as to skim her back again. Las' year I had a permit to keep her in the boat house. Yer have to go to the head man in the park—I don't know what yer call him-and he has to give yer a permit. It don't cost nothin'. He daresn't charge for it. Then yer can keep yer boat in the house. They's a man there to keep the boats. He's got 'em numbered, an' he sizes up each feller, and all yer got ter do is ter go in an' yell an' yer get yer boat. He dares'nt charge nothin', neither. The house is full er boats, what nobody ain't claimed fer years maybe. But he daresn't chuck 'em away or sell 'em, fear some duck'il come along and yell for his'n, and then there'd be music in the air.

sell 'em, fear some duck'll come along and yell for his'n, and then there'd be music in the air.

"They's big men over there with boats six foot long, and they're reg!ar daisies. They's a model yacht club—or somethin' like that, they call it—an' it's got models of the Puritan and Genests and Mayflower and all them corkers, yer know, an' a copper he bums around in a boat an' resoues the crafts what run into each other an' tip up, and the like of that. Oh, it's a Jim Dandy place for sallin'—all but the green scum all over the lake list like the paper on the wall. Naw, I didn't make this boat. I give up haif a foliar ier it. It's 30 inches long, It inches beam, 41 inches mast, an' I never measured the boom. It's worth it dollars, but the young lay what I bought it of was raisin' money for to spend in the country, cause his old woman kin make a dime yell murder the way she kin hold on to it.

"Well, I didn't git no permit this year, but I tell you how it is, I oughter. Yer see yer always gittin' dismasted when yer lug your boat home. Now, I'll jist tell you how it goes. Yer see, they's a dead break for the 6 oclock car. Yer might as well join the gang, 'cause the rush fer the next car is worse. Well, there yer are, in the jam. Holy smoke, sich a rush yer hever see. Women and kids, and men and things all a-eibowin' and a-pushin', and you a-climbin' right along in the middle. Well, yer know what them Jew women are. 'Benny!' Moses!' Kommat to du mutter,' and up goes their arms and away goes your mast and the whole business. It's jist as well, 'cause, now, if one of them women didn't do it along would come a lig lloke, seven feet high, with a whole brewery under his yest and hed climb right over a kid like me, and away goes me mast agin'. Oh, I'm onto it. Tive been sailin' boats since longer'n yesterday, bet yer boots.

"Us ellers goes over to Brooklyn sailin' yachts and one thing or 'nother, but no Brooklyn in mine, fer a steady thine, is what I say. Us new yound the stuffin' out of yer. We just guy 'em. and they do;

Enocked Into a Well by Lightning.

RALENCE. N. C. Aug. 6.—A remarkable and fata accident occurred saturday in Richmond county, Willia accident occurred saturday in Richmond county, Willia accident occurred saturday as Richmond county, which was served to Richmond and knocked into the well-she was seen when taken out.

CAMP MEETING SUNDAY AT SING SING. Country People Come from Miles Around to

Hear Brother Harrison Preuch, Yesterday was camp meeting Sunday at Sing Sing, and some of the elderly folks, who used to worship a generation ago at the old camp ground, remarked that it seemed as though the hand of Providence were against the revival of the old work there. It was wet and windy, and many people stayed away on that account; but, while the city folks did not rush to the camp grounds, the farmers for many miles around hitched up early in the morning and took their families to hear the preaching. Farmer boys, with political badges pinned to the lapels of their coats, stood with their sweethearts about the doorways of the prayer tents, and drank in religion with open mouths

and saintly old women sat on rocking chairs in the tent openings reading the Bible and praying. Brother Harrison preached yesterday after-noon. The Rev. Duncan McGregor of Carroll noon. The Rev. Duncan McGregor of Carroli Park Church, Brooklyn, preached in the morn-ing, Brother Harrison's sermon was in his own style. Here is a sample of what he said: Brother cams time 'fter rec'nt reviv'l serv'c's 'n ol' John Sireet Church. Said I'd never know how much good I'd done forty men he knew. All 'd been brought under influence T God b't all 'd come out 'f curio'ty. 'Twasn't in sermon. 'e said, b't th' manner 'f settin'at th' sermon. 'Wha 's air' laad, 'W. V.' said 'e, 'you were s' long gottin' at th' text y' were talkin' bout, I wondered, an' goessed, an' got mad, but w'en I beard it I w's pierced!' th' heart."

Then Brother Harrison patted the big Bible on the pulpit to keep time while the congregation sang. As the hymn proceeded, Brother Harrison grew excited and slapped the Bible more violently. His text he said in the Acts of the Aposties, but he did not read it. Instead he ran on in this way:

Drin' congregation on th' way t' sternity! Many 'f

The Apostles, but he did not read it. Instead ne ran on in this way:

Dyin' congrigation on th' way t' eternity! Many if you've come f' in miles round t' har me out if buricety. Read of me 'n newspap'ra Frobly neverthead me gain! So I've got t' do my thout trouble, but how trouble the trouble. On the put. I know cellbrated indied who said before brilliant company thit when he was sorry th't he didn't know any better. Twas allvery well b'fore comp'ny laughin' an applaudin' alheista, but how will it be b'fore th' judgment seat!

There was a chorus of mournful sounds, and Brother Harrison announced his text again, but didn't read it. New arrivals began to crowd down the alsies, and there was no more room in the big auditorium to sit down. Brother Harrison snatched a fan from one of the ministers behind him, fanned himself, and proceeded in a higher key:

Then Brother Harrison again announce where the text could be found, but again he didn't read it.

"Nember man in Bible w's goin' it tear barns an' build greater. That rich man sat alone 'ith 's wife. Door locked. All safe. But hark! 'is that! A horse's hoof beat! Man says, "Te nothin;" in settles back. Again that hoef beat! 'Ta God's charger comin' over th' hill tops 'I eternity! 'Who's this:" 's th' man. 'The Death!" "But 'm not pripared." "That's your look.out, "'s Death, an' the destroyer smatches him way. There's th't novelist th' other day on Hudson Kiver. W's goin' on plannin' more novels. But the storm overtook im. The storm is comin'. You say you den't want think. I't Mant think. Got 't think. Won't make any diff'ce whether you've bank book 'r not one cent, a calico gown or satin ene, palace on a hill or cottage on a heath. Here's th' one question worth askin'.

a heath. Here's th' one question worth askin'.

With this Brother Harrison announced his text, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Many went forward to the anxious seat at the close of the sermon.

A piece of gossip on the ground was that the Rev. Duncan McGregor is to be called to the Metropolitan M. E. Church, Washington, to succeed Bishop Newman.

The camp meeting will close on Sunday night next. Jubilee night will be on Saturday.

ONE REPUBLICAN SUSPENDED.

The Central Labor Union-Said to be Looking for More Scalus.

On Wednesday evening last Patrick J. Hayburne, Secretary of the Barbers' Union and delegate to the Central Labor Union, was suspended by the Miscellaneous Trades Section of the Central Labor Union, and the Barbers Union was requested to send a delegate in his place. The matter was laid before the Central Labor Union yesterday, but was not acted on He had already been elected Marshal of the Miscellaneous Labor section for the Labor Day parade this year. The proceeding agains nim is the first demonstration of a policy of retaliation for the refusal of the Republican ature to amend the conspiracy law.

The constitution of the Central Labor Union allows to members the personal right of be lieving and voting as they please in politica lieving and voting as they please in political matters, but expressly forbids the membership of a "professional politician." It was alleged against Hayburne that he belongs to the proscribed class. Last year he ran for the Assembly in the Fourth district, on the liepublican ticket, when there was a labor candidate in the field. He is now one of the most active workers of the Irish-American Protective League, and it is alleged that he and others have been trying to run the Central Labor Union in the interests of the Clan-na-Gael, Blaine, and the Republican ticket.

It is averred by some of the most active delegates in the Union that other Republicans are marked for sacrifice. One of the intended victims is said to be a gentleman wearing a military title and of considerable prominence as a Socialist angaker, who is an arginal Republican.

marked for sacrince. One of the intended victims is said to be a gentleman wearing a military title and of considerable prominence as a Socialist speaker, who is an ardent Republican, and is engaged as a speaker on that side during the campaign.

The committee of ten which the Central Labor Union appointed at the meeting a week ago to devise a scheme for getting the Assemblymen in this State who will be nominated this year to pledge themselves to work for the repeal of the conspiracy laws, reported yesterday in favor of holding a convention at Troy on Sept. 17, two delegates to be sent from every labor organization in the State. This plan was adopted, and a call will soon be sent out.

The Tobacco Trades' section sent in a document denouncing the manufacture of cigars in tenement houses, and suggesting that Mayor Hewitt write a letter about it.

Walking Inspector Ed Finklestone of the Barbers' Union said yesterday that they were having great difficulty in enforcing their new rules upon the barber shops in the city. The great majority of the boss barbers say that they want to have nothing to do with union barbers. They want to be let alone.

THE UMBRIA'S LITTLE ACCIDENT. Strictly Unscientific Accounts of It Gath-

ered from Passengers. The Cunarder Umbria, which broke down off Fire Island so soon after she was sighted on Saturday afternoon, got to her pler yester day morning about 8 o'clock, with her steam, using her expansion cylinders, the high pressure cylinder having been disabled.

Bishop Potter came off brown and ruddy. "I sever felt better." he said. "and our voyage was a delightful one. As to the accident, it created a little alarm among the passengers for the time until its nature was known, but it

created a little alarm among the passengers for the time until its nature was known, but it was only for a few minutes. As I understood it, something about one of the engines cracked. It was a plate of iron, I think, that was defective originally. It was fixed with a piece of 1.3-inch plank, and then we came on. Our delay was about four hours. We made less speed after the accident, but we could have crossed the sea safely with the improvised plate if it had been necessary."

"The first that we knew of the accident," said another passenger, "was from a slight explosion in the after part of the ship. It was followed by a puff of steam. The explosion did not shake the vessel, but the steam alarmed those who were aft at the time. People, you know, are easily alarmed at any little thing that occurs on shipboard. There was a rush of passengers from below. Capt. McMickan did not leave the bridge, and when they caught sight of his cool face the alarm was over. It did not seem to be a second after the explosion that the great screw was still."

"I was down stairs," said one of the ladies, when the accident occurred. I was torribly frightened when the smell of steam was followed directly by the stopping of the engines. It seemed as if the ship were dead and one must die, too. I got up stairs as quickly as I could. All my fear vanished when I saw how near land we were."

What broke, according to Mr. Vernon H. Brown, was the high-pressure valve spindle.

John Joseph Murtha, aged 21, son of John . Murtha of this city, and a nephew of Manager Frank Murtha of the Windsor Theatre went to Paterson on Saturday with some friends to stay over Sunday. In the evening the young men went in bathing in Haledon's Lake. Murtha was seized with cramps, and was drowned before his companions could go to his assistance. The body was recovered and sent to New York. Young Mr. Murtha was in business with his father. He was known as a fine tenor singer.

A Bad Sanday for Pleasure Seekers. The cold, damp weather played havor with the business of the seaside resorts yesterday. Mr. Bisine's presence at Manhattan Beach drew a majority of the pleasure seekers to Coney Island, but even then the crowd was not large for that popular resort. There were perhaps hes than 2,000 people at Canarata not more than 4,000 at Glen Island, and hardly half the meanl crowd at Sechaway.

GEN, BOULANGER FIRED AT

A POLITICAL OPPONENT FIRES FIVE SHOTS AT HIM IN THE STREET.

ther Old World News-The First Train On the Way from Paris to Constantinople-Mr. Paraeli's Suit Against the Times, PARIS, Aug. 12.-While Gen. Boulanger

was driving in an open carriage at Saint Jean d'Angély to-day, Prof. Perrin of the Lycée fired five shots at him from a revolver. M. Ratapan, a friend of the General, rushed forward and managed to turn the weapon

aside. The result was that Ratapan himself received a bullet in the back of the head, but the wound is not serious.

Two peasants were also wounded. Gen.

Boulanger was not touched.

Prof. Perrin is a friend of Mayor Lair, the candidate nominated by the Opportunists in opposition to Boulanger. The affair occurred at the height of a pitched

battle between the rival political parties, when, the gendarmes charging, Count Dillon received a blow on the head from a stick and other Boulangists were roughly handled. It is not certain that Perrin intended to aim

at Boulanger. BY RAIL TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Great Rejoicing at Safia Over the Comple

tion of the New Route,

the direct rallway service between Paris and Constantinople arrived here to-day. A grand banquet was given in honor of the occasion, at which Prince Ferdinand presided. Among the guests were MM. Stambuloff and Cristics, and a large number of prominent persons representing various countries of Europe.

Prince Ferdinand in a speech said that the completion of this splendid work, concluded solely through the efforts and resources of Bulgaria in the first year of his reign, filled his heart with legitimate pride and satisfaction, and he hoped that the country which had chosen him ruler would henceforth be better appreciated and more clearly judged. He thanked all present, and congratulated them upon the success of the enterprise. M. Nacevics responded, culogizing Prince Ferdinand, Great enthusiasm was manifested throughout. A reception at the palace followed the banquet. The train will proceed in the morning. guests were MM, Stambuloff and Cristics, and

IS THE DARK SECRET LOST? Boston Thinks Capt. Andrews and His Dory

LONDON, Aug. 12 .- The Captain of the yacht Stranger, which has arrived at Queenstown from Boston, says he did not see the dory Dark Secret. He thinks the dory foundered in

Dark Secret. He thinks the dory foundered in a gale after speaking a German Lloyd steamer 500 miles from New York.

Beston, Aug. 12.—The friends of Capt. Andrews, the navigator of the little craft Dark Secret, are not at all alarmed by the report cabled from London that the boat may have foundered. The last report received here from Capt. Andrews was five days ago, when an inward ateamer reported him progressing favorably about 800 miles from his starting point. Considering the weather which has since prevailed, it is not considered possible that harm can have come to the boat save by the bare chance of being run down at sea.

Couln from Berlin.

BERLIN, Aug. 11.—The King of Portugal arrived here to-day. He was met at the railway station by Emperor William and a guard of honor, and conducted to the castle.

Herr von Schloezer, the Prussian envoy to
the Vatican, who has come here in connection
with the Emperor's proposed visit to Rome,
went to Kiel to-day, and lunched with Prince

Parnell's Suit Against the London Times. LONDON, Aug. 12 .- Mr. Parnell has retained Mr. J. B. Balfour, formerly Lord Advo-cate of Scotland, and Mr. Asher, formerly So-licitor-General for Scotland, both in Mr. Glad-stone's Administration, to conduct his suit in the Scotch courts against the Times. Mr. Strachan has been retained as junior counsel.

LONDON, Aug. 12.-The Economist says

Lord Salisbury's declaration that the European

situation seems to be entering on a more reas-suring phase has something to support it. As long as the private relations of Emperor Wil-liam and the Czar are cordial some sort of a guarantee for peace exists.

The Holland Society. AMSTERDAM, Aug. 12.-The Holland Society of New York to-day attended a concert in the Palace of Industry. The orchestra played the Dutch and American anthems. There was a large audience present.

Boulanger's Maulfestoes PARIS, Aug. 11. Gen. Boulanger has issued manifestoes to the electors of the Nord and Charonte Inférieure Departments.

ODD WEDDING RINGS.

Ladles Can Never Take Them Off.

is Sort Weighs Thirty Pounds

Lieut. von François, the African explorer, has recently described a strange custom among the Bayanzi, who live for many miles along the Upper Congo. The custom would seem to make life a good deal of a burden to their married women. Brass rods, which are the favorite currency in the country, are welded into great rings around the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women, whose husbands are well to do, weigh as much as thirty pounds, and this burden must be carried around by the poor women as long as they live.

"Frequently," says Lieut, von François, "one see a poor woman whose neck is raw and sore under the heavy weight, and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around her neck, for after a time the skin becomes calloused, and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. But the weight is an inconvenience: they haver got used to it, and it is a perpetual tax upon their energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands, and thus for a time relieving their weary shoulders of the heavy burden. It may be said that with every movement of their bodies the rings give them discomfort.

"A ring is never put around a woman's neck until she is believed to have attained her full physical development. Once on, it is no easy matter to get it off. The natives have no such thing as a file, and, though they can hammer a lot of brass rods into one, it is very difficult for them to cut the thick mass of metal in two. Women who increase largely in flesh after the rings have been fastened on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have been fastened on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have been fastened on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of the country, and by putting it around their wives' necks the men are protty certain that it won't be stolen or foolishly expended. But it is an odd and cruel sort of a savings bank." along the Upper Congo. The custom would seem to make life a good deal of a burden to

CONGRESSMAN COX'S LETTER.

He Learns Something About Special Delivery in New York City.

Congressman Cox was disappointed to find the other day that a special delivery stamp upon a letter arriving in New York on Sunday did not secure its delivery until the next day. If there is one town in the country where there should he a special delivery he thinks that town is New York. Yet his secretary, Mr. Conner, on a Saturday not long ago, addressed to him a letter which it was important he should receive on Sunday, and, in order that it might be so, he put his extra ten-cent stamp upon it. But the letter was not delivered until Monday. Letters bearing special delivery stamps never are delivered in New York on Sunday, There is nothing in the act of Congress relating to special delivery which makes any difference between Sundays and week days. Yet the Postmasters throughout the country suspend the operation of the act or enforce it on Sunday, but has they please. The Postmaster-General has not issued any general order to make the practice uniform in all the cities, as some think it ought to be. He has left it optional with the Postmasters, and many of them take advantage of the option.

Among the cities where there is no special delivery on Sundays are Chicago, Detroit, Louisville, Los Angeles, Memphis, New York, Philadelphia. Pittsburgh, Fortland. Me.; Quiaey, Ill.; St. Louis, and Wilmington, Del. Some cities continue their special delivery all day on Sunday, while others deliver only during a certain number of hours. Washington is one of the cities where a letter bearing a special delivery stamp will be delivered at any hour of the day when received. From the Washington Post.

A Very Bry Sunday in Jersey

"It has been a pretty dry day in Jersey City." said Chief of Police Murphy last evening "There have been no arrests so far for vio-lating the liquor lawa."

Folloemen in citizen's dress and members of the Law and Order Lesgue kept a close watch on the saloens all day. MR. TOM GOULD COMPLAINS.

He Asks a Favor of the Public and An Mr. Tom Gould got back to town yesterday after a week's outing in the country, and

chagrin as he looked over the back numbers of the daily newspapers. "Can I never get a chance in this town to tive in peace any more?" he exclaimed, pointing in disgust at his name, which led all the rest in the list of those who were present at the Havlin-Murphy fight. "I pledge my word," he

tugged his luxuriant blond moustache in

added, "that I haven't been to a prize fight in eleven years, and yet, regular as clockwork, I have been reported present, and I haven't got a double, either."

Mr. Gould saw a Sun reporter standing near by, and haifed him. "I ask you," he said, "as a favor to request the world through the papers

to be good enough to let me alone. I don't ask people to believe that I have joined the ranks of retired men, or have become an angel, if they don't want to, but I do ask them to be good enough to give up making me a local

they don't want to, but I do ask them to be good enough to give up making me a local celebrity in the sporting world, or a terrible example, or anything of that sort.

"People bave got the Impression some how that I'm about the worst man that ever lived, and it isn't fair to keep that sort of thing up when I am trying my level best to be a peaceful, law-abiding New Yorker."

Mr. Gonid sighed, and went on rather pathetically:

"Those who think it fun to point me out in crowds as Tom Gould, don't stop to think that I have a wife and children growing up. It makes me feel happy, of course, when people stare at my wife when she goes to church as if she were a curiosity, and when the children, who are receiving a good education, pick up newspapers and find my name mixed up with prize fights and things of that sort, it makes them feel so happy, too. The other day I went to engage a flat for my family. That very day a newspaper opened on me and called me an ex-dive keeper, and the agent wouldn't let me have the apartment, although he had previously agreed to do so. I never was a 'dive' keeper, and never would be.

"Nobody seems inclined to recall that I served the City Government for years with faithfulness in the Fire Department, and that my fellow citizens thought well enough of me to nominate me for Congress before I was 22 years old. It's a record that I'm not ashamed of, and I say now that I never did anything in my life to harm a human being. I never wronged or maltreated a man, woman or child, and now that I am trying to go about my not overwhelmingly selfish business of apendiag my money lawfully and for the benefit of my children and living as a gentleman should, I respectfully ask that I be allowed to do it, as plain Mr. Gould. I can be happy with my wife and children in the quietness of my domestic circle, and if my friends, and those who think I am a monster will both remember this it will be something that I will be grateful for. Just let the world forget all about Tom' Gould. It will be a mighty big favor Soria, Aug. 12.-The train inaugurating

POUNDED THE REFEREE. Trainer Flahorty Didn't Like His Decision

A well-known lockey agreed to serve as

referee in the prize fight for a purse of \$150 between Jack Grace of New York and Willie Clark of Chicago just after daybreak vesterday morning. He is very sorry now that he did. The fight took place in a road house not far

from Jamaica. L. I., and was to have been with skin gloves, but at the last moment Clark backed out of that part of the arrangement and insisted that two-ounce gloves should be worn. Rather than disappoint the fifty spectators Grace agreed. The men are of about the same height, 5 feet 5 inches, but Clark weighed 125 pounds to Grace's 122. Eugene Hornbache and Dan Gallagher of Greenpoint seconded Grace, and Dan O'Hare and Billy Nichols looked after Clark. Billy McGibbons, who see onded O'Hare in his twenty-two round battle with Mike Cushing, held the watch.

Grace pitched into Clark right away, and gave him five hard cracks in the face without a return blow. He won first blood by a whack on Clark's cheek. Grace had everything his own way until the end, and while fighting con-tinually guyed Clark, who seemed afraid to hit

out hard.

From the second to the sixth round it was the same thing over and over again. Clark's left eye was closed and the left side of his face was puffed out. His stomach, too, received many severe blows. The spectators could hardly believe that Clark had ever stood up before Tommy Warren for eight rounds, as he did at Chicago. hardly believe that Clark had ever stood up before Tommy Warren for eight rounds, as he
did at Chicago.

While Grace was hammering Clark in the
sixth round, the time keeper called out "Go to
your corners," instead of "Time," as he
should have done at the expiration of three
minutes. Clark dropped his hands at once and
turned to make for his corner. Grace, not
having heard the word "Time," rushed at his
opnonent from behind and dealt him a sound
blow on the back of the neck. Clark's seconds
claimed foul, and the referee allowed it, giving
the victory to Clark.

claimed foul, and the referee allowed it, giving the victory to Clark.

The referee had no sooner announced his decision than Hen Flaherty, who had trained Grace, flew at the jockey, grasped him by the throat, and held him up against the rones.

"Change that!" cried Flaherty, shaking his flat in the other's face.

"I won't, gasped the referee, "The decision stands."

With that Flaherty struck him on the forehead and right cheek, raising usix hamps.

head and right cheek, raising ugly bumps,

MRS. FLETCHER CONFESSES.

She Tells Capt. Hance that she Killed Ellz.

Jones with an Axe. Mrs. Emma Georgiana Fletcher, the white woman who was arrested on Friday morning on suspicion of having murdered Eliza Jones. confessed last evening to Police Captain Chas Hance of Flushing, in whose custody she has been since Friday morning. Mrs. Fletcher sent for Capt. Hance at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was 6 when the Captain came. As he unlocked the door and entered her cell

As he unlocked the door and entered her cell Mrs. Fletcher dropped on her knees on the stone floor, and, clasping her hands as if beseeching mercy, said: "Captain, I will tell you all the truth about it, so help me God."

This is the substance of her story:
"I was in the room with Maria Jones between 8 and 9 o'clock Thursday night, and
struck her on the head with an axe as she lay
on the bed. Blood flowed out on her cheek,
and I untied a handkerchief which I wore
around my neck and wiped it off. This I threw
away when I went out."

Mirs. Fletcher told Capt. Hance where the
handkerchief was, and he will go with Coroner
Julos E. Cartier this morning to find it, Mrs.
Fletcher said the girl did not struggle after
she was struck, and only uttered a long-drawn
"Oh!"

At the inquest Saturday Mrs. Fletcher asserted her innocence. The inguest will be
continued this afternoon at Klein's Hotel,
Creedmoor, near the scene of the murder.
Eliza Jones, Mrs. Fletcher's victim, was
buried yesterday afternoon in the little plot
near Creedmoor, where the remains of twentyeight of her family ife.

Small People the Best Natured.

From the Putthurgh Dispatch.

"It is a fact of my observation," said a Pittsburgh business man to a Dispatch reporter, "that people of small statute are far better natured than those of large size. Did you ever see a small man who wasn't good humored and inclined to take a rosy view of life? And did you ever know a little woman who wasn't jolly and full of fun? I've studied humanity a good deal and I never yet have encountered a small person who was surly or misanthropic. Who are the pessimists? Lank, tall, raw-boned, dyspeptic individuals almost invariably. Did you ever see a man of 5 feet 6 inches that was melancholy? No, and you are not likely to. I tell you the world would be a mighty lonesome place without the little grown-up people. They make more than half the fun there is in this vale of tears.

"Little men are invariably good story tellers. They are hearty laughers, they are quick to see the humorous side of any question, and they relish a joke, even if it is at their own expense. They make the firmest friends, and adhere to those whom they like through thick and thin. They are seldom quarrelsome and never conceited. They are often sensitive, but quickwitted people generally are. Altogether they are the best foiks in the world to get along with, whether in a business or social way."

Victory for the American Bellar Abroad.

Victory for the American Bellar Abre From the Minneapolit Tribune.

Winnipag, Man., July 31.—Recently Winnipag, Man., July 31.—Recently Winnipag, Man., July 31.—Recently Winnipag bank managers decided to make a determined effort to drive American currency out of Winnipag, claiming the city was being flooded with United States silver and bills. They decided to accept American deliars at only 95 cents, half deliars at 45 cents, and quarters at 20 cents. The arrangement was to have gone into effect to-day, but the merchants and others so strongly objected that one or two bank managers withdraw and the arrangement has fallen through. It is contended there is more American silver in circulation here any than Oanadian.

THE FEVER-STRICKEN CITY.

EFFORTS TO STAT THE PROGRESS OF THE PLAGUE IN JACKSONVILLE.

Gloomy Ontlook for Those Who Are Compelled to Remain to the City-Three New Cases of Yellow Pever Yesterday. JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Aug. 12.-The first Sunday of the epidemic is a gloomy one. The weather is hot and murky, and the people meet on the street with very discouraged countenances. At 8 o'clock the Sanitary Association begrn work by putting fifty teams and large gangs of men at work all over the city cleaning up, hauling and burning all old boxes

and other rubbish.

hugo fires, as did the pest-breeding fruit stands in the park in front of the Everett Hotel on Bay street. Every ward is to be thus visited. and every house, yard, closets, &c., carefully looked after. Huge fires of coal, tar, and pitch pine are

The railroad yards furnished material for

blazing away to-night in all parts of the city. and thick clouds of smoke hang like a funeral pall over the city. Lime has been scattered broadcast through the streets and alleys and in the sewers, while copperas, chloride of lime, and other powerful disinfectants were freely A deserted look prevails all through the city.

and after 7 o'clock at night it might be taken for a city of the dead. Not a footfall is heard, and hardly a light for blocks at a time is seen. The sawmills will probably close to morrow, as well as other manufacturing establishments, as well as other manufacturing throwing many persons out of employment.

Much want will follow, it is expected, the

throwing many persons out of employment.

Much want will follow, it is expected, the
people being too poor to get away, and having
nothing left to purchase food with. The people
still left are terrible shaky, and if the new
cases increase much faster another hundred
or more will leave this afternoon.

There was talk of burning the wooden portion of the Grand Union Hotel. This is the
hotel where McCormick was, it is said also
that the epidenic of 1857 and 1877 started
there. There are several places that are being
seen to, and if they are condemed the flames
will be applied.

The printing offices are suffering a great
deal. The Times-Union job office is closed,
and the Farmer and Fruit Grotter suspended.
It is hard work to get out the daily Dispatch.
Da Costa is making a plucky fight, and says
be will continue the Dispatch if a printer can
be found who will stay.

The situation to-night is no better. There
were three new cases reported up to 3 P. M.,
Mrs. Pat Fallon, wife of the city jailor, and Ed-

The situation to-night is no better. There were three new cases reported up to 3P. M., Mrs. Pat Fallon, wife of the city jailor, and Edgar Davidson, freight agent of the East Tennesse, Virginia and Georgia road. A chambermaid at Murray's Hall, Pablo, where Capt. Tuttle died, is reported to be down.

Mirs. McLielland, reported yesterday as being sick at the Lafayette House, died this morning. CHARLESTON, Aug. 12.—The evening train which passed here at about 7 o'clock to-night had on board a yellow jever patient, who seems to have escaped from the Sand Hills, near Jacksonville.

His name was given as Buckley, and he is said to be a rich New Yorker. He was in a Pullman siecuer and was attended by two men. It is supposed that he is on his way to New York via Baltimore.

THE FATE OF A MISSING GIRL.

Killed a Year Ago, and Her Body Hidden in a Swamp-Spicide of the Murderer. OXFORD, N. Y., Aug. 10.-Coroner B. J. Ormsby and a jury, assisted by District Attorney Pudney, have just held an inquest over the remains of Emma Jane Burdick, the wayward 17-year-old daughter of a respectable couple of this town. The girl suddenly disappeared in September last, under circumstances which led her friends to believe that she had eloped with a young man of her acquaintance, who left at about the same time. It now turns out that she was murdered on the night of her dis-

left at about the same time. It now turns out that she was murdered on the night of her disappearance, and her body hidden in the recesses of Tracy's Swamp, about two miles from town, where it has been found.

The murderer of the girl was William H. Crosby, who committed suicide on Monday morning iast, by hanging himself to a beam in his woodshed. Crosby was a young farm laborer of the ordinary stamp, who lived unhapplic with his wife. He was in love with the Burdick girl, and was jealous of the attentions received by her from young single men. No sooner had he committed suicide than his widow began telling tales to her neighbors implicating him in the murder of the missing girl. The stories came to the ears of the authorities, and a judicial investigation of the case was set on foot by Justice Bundy.

The first witness examined was Mrs. Crosby. She testified that on the evening of Sept. 25 last Emma Jane llurdick came to their house, and was met outside the door by Crosby, who was watching for her, and who accused her of having been accompanied there by a young man of whom he was jealous. She denied the charge, and a quarrel ensued, in the course of which Crosby struck her one or two violent blows with his fist and then choked her. Whether by intention or by accident, the blows and the choking killed the girl. The wife went out to help the girl, but the husband dreve her back into the house. When the murderer found that the girl was dead he hastily buried the body in the garden. A few nights later he was out pretty much all night, and on his return told his wife that he had due up the body and carried it to a lonely place in Tracy's Swamp, where it would be safe from discovery. The widow's discoveries do the search of the morass, which resulted in the finding of the body, still in a condition to be identified.

Mrs. Crosby has been placed under arrest for complicity in the crime, but it is believed that she is guilliess of any active participation in the murder or in concealing the body.

From the San Francisco Chronicle The claim of William C. Stout to the entire Shillaber property has made things lively for the heirs of Mrs. Shillaber. The heirs, so far as heard from, declare that they will not com-promise the matter, but will fight to the end, he it bifur or away. promise the matter, but will fight to the end, be it bitter or sweet.

William C. Stout, the claimant, is in the county alm shouse, where he has become browned by the outdoor labors which are his duty. He is a hale-looking man 63 years of age. He said that when he first met Miss Hoff, afterward Mrs. Stout and later Mrs. Shillaber, her father kept a barroom in New York, and ther lived back of Trinity Church.

Politics and Theology From Dr. McGlynn The large hall of Cooper Union was fairly well filled last night by an audience, a majority of whon were women, who came to hear Dr. McGlynn. Amon

other things Dr. McGiynn said:
"The only reason that you workingmen need protection is because you are a pack of fools. You are crying for the shadow and neglecting the substance. You are for the shadow and neglecting the substance. You are fooled by orators; by mere big words; by big voices; by big men inflating their chests, saying to one set how pleasantly the German scheef falls on their ears, and to pleasantly the German scheef falls on their ears, and to pleasantly the German scheef falls on their ears, and to the scheen scheen would be substanting the scheef falls of their ears and the scheep for them would not make faces to readily."

Then he went on to say that the immediate remedy was not free trade but free laud. The American workman needed protection just as the man in the libbe quid who had gone down to Jericho. They had failen among thieves. They were beggared by monopolisis. When people were starving it was no sin to steal. This was good Roman theology. If a man could not steal it and was starving then he should take it by force—that was also good Roman theology.

The sudden death of Thomas M. Brasher. a retired Captain of the United States Navy, was re-ported yesterday to Coroner Lindsay of Brooklyn. Capt. Brasher, who was born in New York city seventy years ago. lived with his two maiden sisters at 182 Livingsten street. He was a portly man, and suffered much
during the bot weather. On Saturday he came to New
York on business. When he went home in the evening
he complained of the oppressive heat, and retired at
9:30 o'clock. A chambermaid found him yesterday
morning sitting in a chair, beside his bed. dead. Dr.
Moffat, the family physician, thinks that Capt. Brasher entered
the navy in his thirteenth year. He secured his appoint
ment through Fresdent Jackeen, who was a warm personal friend of his father, Philip Brasher well known
in New York sixty years ago. Young Brasher went
through all the grades of the service, and was for many
years a Commander. He was attached to the ship Bainbridge during the civil war, and served with credit. He
was a bachelor, and had made his home in Brooklyn for
thirty years.
Louis Meyer. ex-Chief of the Hoboken Fire Bepartyears ago, lived with his two maiden sisters at 162 Liv Louis Meyer, ex-Chief of the Hoboken Fire Bepari ment, died yesterday. He was 35 years old, and wa one of the most popular men in the city.

A Beal Buffato Hunt on Staten Island,

When Buffalo Bill's Wild West show was when Bullalo Bhi's Wild West show was being piaced aboard of flat cars en a fiont at Eim Park on Saturday night, to be transported to Jersey City, twenty buffaloes broke away and ran in different directions through Eim Park. The Indians and cowboys gave chase, and succeeded in recapturing all but one, which remained at large until an early hour yesterday morning, when it was lasseed by the cowboys, Jim Kidd and Antonio Esquired, at William Kellase's farm, six miles from Eim Fark. The two cowboys took the buffalo to Jersey City yesterday, where it was placed aboard a train for Philadelphia.

The steamship Arizona, in last night, reports that on Thursday last 6. W. (arpenter, a saloon passenger under the care of Dr. Richards, was missed. It is supposed that he jamped overboard and was drowned.

CONNECTICUT'S DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

Young Man Shoots His Sweetheart as

HARTFORD, Aug. 12.-The double tragedy

which was enacted last evening in Piainville fourteen miles west of this city, in which George Bradley shot his sweetheart. Lillie Potter, ar then shot himself, is as great a shock to the community as was the dreadful act of Deacon ronson of Bristol, three miles west of Plainville, who a short time ago chopped off his wife's head with an axe and then cut his own throat from ear to ear with a razor. Bradley is 23 years old, and has been in Plainville for several years. He worked for Edwin Hills, doing all sorts of general work about the latter's shop. Miss Potter was 22 years of age. She was brought up in Plainville, and kept house for her father in Broad street. The characters of Bradley and Miss Potter have always been considered good, and Bradley was not given to drinking or other bad habits. For a year or so past Bradley had been paying attentions to Miss Potter, but she desired that these attentions should cease. The couple had had several quarrels on account of this difference, but heretelore the quarrels had been smoothed over. Yesterday afternoon Bradley and Miss Potter attended a ball game togother in town. After the game, he went home with her. The old quarrel seemed to have broken out again, and Bradley, it is believed, became satisfied that Lille was determined to free herself from him. This enraged him, for he was always understood to worship her. At the gate in front of her father's house Bradley suddenly drew a revolver and sent a builet into the young woman's left temple. She fell instantly, and without uttering a word. The murderer, seeing the rosult of his act, placed the muzzlo of the pistol to his right temple and discharged a builet into his own head. He also fell, and both were taken into the house. Drs. Bull and Wright were summoned, and Coroner Sperry of Hartford was telegraphed for. Miss Potter died at 2.30 this morning. Bradley, of whose recovery there is but small chance, has been placed under arrest. Coroner Sperry to-day began an inquest which will be continued to-morrow. Miss Potter was 22 years of age. She was

RAINED ON THE DRYDOLLARS.

Denial of a Preposterous Story About the Assemblymen's Excursion.

Patrick Bennett of 2 Franklin street was the Tombs Court yesterday morning charged by Patrick Murphy, an ice peddler, with stealing the ice pick from his wagon while it stood in front of 87 Baxter street. Policeman Renken saw him and arrested him. Assemblyman Timothy Drydollar Sullivan dropped in at the Tombs on the way to his picpic, which was about to start from Dover Dock. Bennett asked Sullivan to give bail for him, so that he might go on the excursion.

him, so that he might go on the excursion. Sullivan did so.

It took five excursion barges and three tugs to carry all of Assemblyman Sullivan's friends up to Riverview Grove. The fact that rain was pouring down at the advertised time of departure didn't scare anybody, but it detained the excursion until hall past twelve. It was said that so great was the Assemblyman's desire to get excursionists aboard the boats that he had his friends hiring them at \$5 apiece. Of this the Assemblyman said last night:

"It is a dead fake. No one was paid \$5 to go on our excursion. There were so many aboard that the committee had to throw off the lines and leave the rest. The barges could not hold any more. I was told that over 400 persons were left on the dock. That does not look much like hiring persons to go on board, does it? Everybody on board had a nice time, and was brought home safe. I worked the probibilion racket for all it was worth by sticking to lemonade. Out of respect to my feelings all my friends partock of lemonade also."

LOST OFF BAR HARBOR

J. Harmon Beed and Miss Militten Went Out in a Cance and Cannot be Found.

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 12 .- At 9 o'clock last night Mr. J. Harmon Reed and Miss Milliken, each 25 years of age, took a cance out, with the intention of paddling around Bar Harbor. The night was intensely dark, and being slarmed at their absence, searchers went out at 11 o'clock. At an early hour this morning the wharves were crowded with anxious friends, who hoped and waited till noon, when a gun from the steam yacht Nooya, belonging to Montgomery Sears, announced that she bore to Montgomery Sears, announced that she bore tidings. She had picked up the cance, bottom up, off Egg Bock, a distance of three miles

tidings. She had picked up the canoe, bottom up, off Egg Bock, a distance of three miles from here.

Miss Fanny Milliken was a guest at the St. Sanveur, and was chaperoned by Mrs. Van Voorhees. Her parents, who are residents of New Orleans, are at the Rockland with friends. She was well known, and a general favorite in society here. Mr. Reed was a son of Joel Harmon Reed, one of the wealthy fron foundry men of Albany, and a nephew of J. Meredith Reed, Consul-Genera ito Paris under Lincoin and Grant. His family occupied the highest social position there. His mother, two sisters, and brother are guests at the St. Sanveur. Hope is abandoned, although the searchers are still out.

ASHLAND, Ken., Aug. 12.-Mrs. John Park yesterday received notice from Postmaster Weis that a registered letter awaited her order in the Post Office. She procured the letter, and was surprised at its contents, which were \$25

Twenty-five Bellars for a Penknife.

Mrs. John Parks:
You will doubtless be surprised in receiving the contents of this letter. When your father lived in Clarkaburs. Ohlo, and sold goods I was a boy. I took a penkile from his store and never paid for it. I feel it my duty to compensate some one of the family for it. I have learned that you are his youngest child. Hence I aend you \$25.

Mrs. Parks's father, whose name was Muller, kept a store in Clarksburg fifty years ago, and the knife'must have been stolen more than a hall century ago. Preparations to Receive Binton in Maine. PORTLAND, Aug. 12.-The Republicans of this city will be at the Union station in large numbers to get a look at Mr. Blaine when he passes through here, and many of them will be present at the Augusta reception on be present at the Augusta reception on Tuesday evening. The mass meetings which will be held here on Wednesday afternoon and evening will be addressed by Mr. Blaine and by Warner Miller. A. G. Tenny of New York, and Congressmen Beid, Dingley, and Milliken. The programme includes a procession of citizens and political clubs, which will march from State, down Congress street to City Hall, passing in review before the returned statesman. A large number of clubs are expected from out of town.

Frenks of Wind and Lightning. CINCINNATI, Aug. 12.-A gale of wind this afternoon blew the roof off the Presbyterian church at College Hill and injured a few dwell-

ings, but no one was hurt.

Wheeling, W. Va., Aug. 12.—During an exceedingly severe thunder storm this evening a child 8 years of age named Dunian, living on Coal street, was struck by lightning in her mother's yard and instantly killed. A two-story wooden building near Caldwell's Eun was also demolished.

A New Cathelie College.

SCRANTON, Aug. 12 .- The corner stone of the new Catholic college of St. Thomas of Aquinan, on Wyoming avenue, was laid this afternoon with most impressive ceremonies. afternoon with most impressive ceremonics, which were preceded by a narade of the religious and temperance sociaties connected with the Catholic Church in this city and vicinity. The ceremonics, which were conducted by Bishop O'Hara, assisted by twenty-two priests, were witnessed by thousands of people of all nationalities.

A Lumber Wharf Sinks Into the River. PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 12.-The lumber wharf of F. A. Smith. on the west side of the Schuylkill Biver, at Locust street, sank last schuyikili Biver, at Locust street, sank last night, entailing a loss of nearly \$10,000. At the time of the accident about 3,000,000 feet of Southern nine was stored on the wharf, 500,000 feet of which was sunk in the river and damaged. The wharf, which has a frontage of 300 feet, is the property of P. H. Delance of New York. It sank fifteen feet. Most of the lumber was also owned by him.

No Friends to Receive Tacir Parowell. On Thursday of last week a letter was received by W. F. Norton of Fire Island from E. W. Bullinger of Riverside, Conn., enclosing another letter which was found in a bottle another letter which was found in a bottle floating in the Sound. The signatures purported to be those of Henry Walle. Paul Orlin, Henry Luhle, and John Murr of Babylon.

They said in the letter that they were on board the yacht Irene, which was fast sinking, and they wished their last farewells transmitted to their families. No such persons are known in the town, nor does the yacht Irene hall from any port or village on the south side.

The giass workers in two factories at Lyons, France, have struck. A general strike of giass workers in ex-Mr. Van Bennigsen, leader of the German Nat Liberals, has gone to Priedrichtrube to see Prince marck, who has postponed his deporture.

SOCIAL CHANGES IN MEXICO.

THE RAILROAD IS DOING AWAY WITH MANY OLD CUSTOMS.

The Telegraph Also Helping On the Teacst. tion-The Liberation of Weman One of the Results-New Edens as to Propriety. From the Boston Herold

CITY OF MEXICO, July 18.—Everything in Mexico—politics, social life, commercial habits, social life, commercial habits, social life, commercial habits, social in a diagnostic description description

women, even in the freest countries. When a wish to be "protected" by a 6-year-old boy cub in knickerboekers. She thinks, and ripelity, and the countries of the beautiful to be the beautiful to be the beautiful to be the beautiful to lock them up. And she is exactly right. A woman, young or old, should be as free from molestation in the public streets as a man, and if she is not, then the lamp posts are hecking their fittest ornaments. In this big City of Mexico, with rich houses, great churches, electric lights, street cars, luxurious shous, and all she is not, then the lamp posts are hecking their fittest ornaments. In this big City of Mexico, with rich houses, great churches, electric lights, street cars, luxurious shous, and all single, solitary each where a lady came ow without a male escort to take an ice or a high lunch. This is a humbug, and no wonder Mexican women are beginning, as they learn of foreign ways, to enter a protest mainst this solids system, which turns a boy of 13 loose into a world of temptations, and forthers a modest girl the most innocent freedom. I have a modest girl the most innocent freedom. I have a world for temptations, and forthers and into a world of temptations, and forthers and into a world of temptations, and forthers and into a world of temptations, and the proceeding would be proper enough. Great is the mazic of trousers! The best thing for the Mexican haddest do do is oge up a social revolution, and inform Fepe" and "Fineho" that they will prolonger be governed by the ghosts of erroresontatives are found in the most degrander corner of Africa. If nearly 1,500 wears of Christianity have not advanced civilization in a great Christian elty so that the mothers of families and the charming daughters of those mothers and the charming the mothers of mailes and the charming the mailes of the women their just rights.

Under the declaration them and t